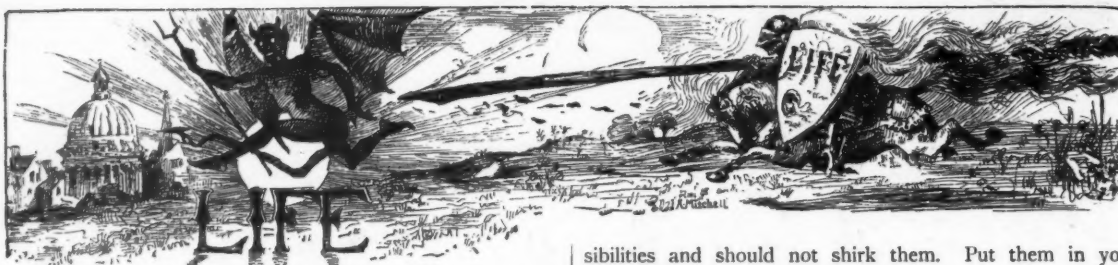




PROFESSIONAL.

*Smearly:* BY THE WAY, I WENT UP TO SEE "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" THIS AFTERNOON.  
*Mrs. H. (leading lady at the — Theatre):* YES? WHERE IS IT BEING PLAYED?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

"IT is more fun than a goat," as the small boys say, to see Colonel Henry Watterson make faces at the President. Uncle Dana has a diverting facial expression, but he cannot contort his features like Henry.

Uncle Dana and Colonel Watterson have one thing in common in their grimaces; they both assume that they are trying to scare Mr. Cleveland into being a good man and to scare the evil mugwump spirit out of him, but they go at it a little differently. Uncle Charles suggests that unless the President mend his ways it will not do to nominate him again, but Colonel Henry frankly admits that the Democrats cannot nominate anyone else, and holds that for that very reason it is doubly important to correct his errors. Next to the spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity, the spirit of mortal delights in brethren who thump each other artistically. Colonel Watterson is such a brother, and we confess that we like to see him getting in his work. If Boston should ever be filled with a consuming passion to add the king of fighting editors to her remarkable collection of experts, we are not sure but that she will have to buy Watterson. He will come high, but he cannot be matched; and my! how handsome he would look sitting on Boston's front bench with Dr. Brooks, and Dr. Holmes, and Mike Kelly, and Dr. Lowell, and Professor Sullivan!

Yes, if Boston persists in wanting to have the best, she must have Watterson. His photograph will cost a good deal more than Mike's, and there will be the expense of a pipeline for cordial from the blue-grass country; but money is no object to Boston. It is only a matter of selling a mortgage on a block in Chicago; that's all.

And while we're talking, what are we offered for Evarts and Chauncey Depew? They cannot play baseball, nor are they exceptionally effective with their dukes; but, Boston dear, they are unique! If there is a pair of men anywhere who can make a small city great, they're the chaps! You can't grow them; you haven't the environment and you haven't the meals, but perhaps if you imported these grown specimens you might keep them without deterioration; and if you can, you ought to do it. Collectors have their respon-

sibilities and should not shirk them. Put them in your cabinet and then you would have—

The greatest living American preacher,  
The champion fighter,  
The greatest living American poet and orator,  
The only autocrat,  
The greatest living baseball player,  
The king of poker-playing editors, and  
The greatest ———

Well, hire Chauncey and William, and classify them according to what you need most. "Intellectual Odd-Jobs Done with Neatness and Dispatch" is their sign, and they beat the world in their specialties.

ONE of the best jobs of the day is to be assistant-great-man. The opportunities of the position are great and a person of fair abilities put in the way of advancement is liable upon short notice to overtop his model. Dan. Lamont is the ideal performer in this part. The poet says:

"A favorite has no friends!"

but the country is full of Dan's friends, and their number is increasing, which shows that his is not all reflected light. Our friend Badeau had a corresponding place, and profits every day of his life by his experience; for all that Colonel Grant says: "Badeau did not have the full confidence of Father." Grant's Lamont was Rawlins. The newest individual of the species is one Colonel Jung, who is Lamont to General Boulanger, and is represented to have the conquest of Germany all planned in his head, ready to be sprung whenever his principal gives the signal.

A SOBER diversion appropriate to the lenten season is provided by the thoughtful consideration of Judge Hilton in opening the public exhibition of the Stewart pictures on Shrove Tuesday.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY is a Prohibitionist after LIFE's own heart. The philanthropic divine approves of man's looking upon the wine when it is red, when he feels the need of such spectacular invigoration, and even goes so far as to question the sanity of him who is so blind as to object to the cup solely because it stingeth like an adder when goaded too far.

The unholy alliance of Teetotaler and Rumseller, when viewed in the light of a freak, is all that can be desired, but when the "combine" ventures to oppose so politic a measure as the High License bill it is an abject failure.

The legislation of either is bad enough, but when the two are combined the essence of iniquity is attained.

LIFE begs to assure Dr. Crosby of its cordial support in his noble fight for right.



GRACE'S VALENTINE.

SUCH a dainty valentine !  
Cupids, mottoes, lace,  
Roses, satin frills—in fine,  
Just the thing for Grace !

Push the satin frills apart,  
Lo! beneath the lace  
Lies a flimsy, tinsel heart—  
Just the thing for Grace !

TO THE BOSTONIANS.

MR. ANDREW LANG is an English gentleman of letters who has yet to touch that which he does not adorn. In view of this fact, it is not surprising that his "At the Sign of the Ship," which occupies about the same relation to *Longman's Magazine* as the Editor's Study does to *Harper's Monthly*, has attained for our English contemporary a widespread popularity.

In his January contribution, Mr. Lang discourses pleasantly concerning the Municipal symbol of the American Athens. Among other things he says: "I have read in some strange, old 'volume of forgotten lore' that Pythagoras said that whatever is written in bean-juice, on this earth, reappears on the lunar disk. How long it must be since anyone tried this simple experiment and wrote a sentence in bean-juice!" Here is a suggestion which we hope Boston will not ignore—that of manufacturing ink from the oil of the bean, and securing therewith a lunary as well as mundane literature. It is true that were all the literary spokes of the cultured hub to write with this fluid, there would have to be sacrificed myriads of the beloved emblem; but would not this very immolation tend to elevate literature, even in Boston? And if the production of the community were limited to the capacity of the moon, would it not be a priceless boon to the world at large?

Indeed, yes, brethren of the Pen! It were a public benefaction should you play the Brutus to your beloved succulent and write your books in its juice.

AN absent-minded man in Chicago left his fiancée to obtain a marriage-license and came back with a decree of divorce instead.



THE PALMISTRY OF OUR YOUTH.



## A POSTROPHE TO MARCH.

HAIL to thee, thou harbinger of Spring!  
 Thermometer at forty, and still rising;  
 The early budlet—pretty, trustful thing!—  
 Puts forth a petal, experience despising.  
 Enter now, O March, and sounding thro' the street,  
 Let mortals loud rejoice in listening to thy bleat;  
 Do, for the nonce, let rule and proverb slide,  
 And like the roaring lion, don't subside.

THE prospects of the United States in a war with any foreign power are not *coulour de rose*, unless some floriculturist can secure a navy-blue Jacqueminot.

A NARCHIST SPIES is willing to die, because he realizes that while there's life, there's soap.

It is in the application of it that this proverb escapes being a chestnut.

THE legislature has decided that hanging is a capital punishment for women who kill as well as for men who murder.

EDMUND P. HYDE was officially declared insane yesterday in the Supreme Court. His mania is of a religious character. He gets mad every time he attends church.

THE dude with asinine ears may take consolation in the lines:

"Man wants but little ear below,  
 And wants that little long."

## PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"BUT THIS IS WONDROUS STRANGE."—*Hamlet*.

THE Stewart Estate litigation demonstrates that while twenty-five cents is deemed a sufficient reward for a waiter, \$50,000 is inadequate in the eyes of a Butler who has waited some time for his money.

## INNOCUOUS UNINTELLIGENCE.

"SAY, Dan," said Mr. Cleveland, gazing out of the window, "What do you think of a matutinal perigrination?"

"Please, sire," replied the faithful vizier, "I would prefer to consult before committing myself to an opinion."

"What would'st consult, O Daniel, the probabilities?"

"No, sire, the Dictionary."

THE children of the Apaches imprisoned in Florida are being educated in Philadelphia.

The poem will have to be changed to "Slo, the Poor Indian," if the children are susceptible to their surroundings.

## FROM A GALLIC POINT OF VIEW.

"AH! but zis ees a fonny contree. If a man haf a fast horse he call it *mère* after his muzzare, and if he haf two he calls it *père* after hees fathaire."

THE Queen has graciously condescended to accept a copy of the Arabian Nights from Lady Burton. Gracious, what condescension!

THE Empress of Japan intends introducing English manners into her court life. Her chief difficulty will be in finding the manners.

"BEN. BUTLER, Lowell's foremost son?" ejaculated Mrs. Spriggins. "If he's Lowell's son, what's he call hisself Butler for?"

THE Royal Infant of Spain is every inch a king; but that isn't saying much in view of the fact that His Majesty still sleeps in one of his lamented father's old cigar boxes.

## ETIQUETTE ITEM.

SOCIAL ostracism will surely follow the eating of peas with a spoon, and no polished person ever uses a fork for soup.

MR. JOE HOWARD is believed to think of Mr. Pulitzer as a sort of *jeu d'esprit*.

LOTTA is now worth over a million dollars. Phew! That's a Lotta money for so little a woman.



# WISDOM LET LOOSE

## WASHINGTON DOTS.

THE Chinese Minister intends giving a small afternoon tea to a few of his Washington friends and has hired the Ball-Ground for the purpose.

MR. SHERMAN has resigned the President Pro-Temship of the Senate owing to an attack of the Presidential fever, which has left him much indisposed.

THE following letter from the Chum to Potentates has been received by the President:

NEW YORK, March 1, 1887.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND,  
President of the United States:

DEAR SIR,—In your letter to the undersigned, bearing date February 29, 1887, you say: I have devoted no inconsiderable ingredient of my personal desuetude to the problem which now confronts the country with appalling pertinacity in whatsoever direction we may deviate; the problem, in what manner we shall dispose of the surplus? You likewise ask, will I kindly transmit whatever recommendations I may desire to make which may contribute to the disentanglement of

this well-nigh indiscrutable bewilderment in which you find yourself established.

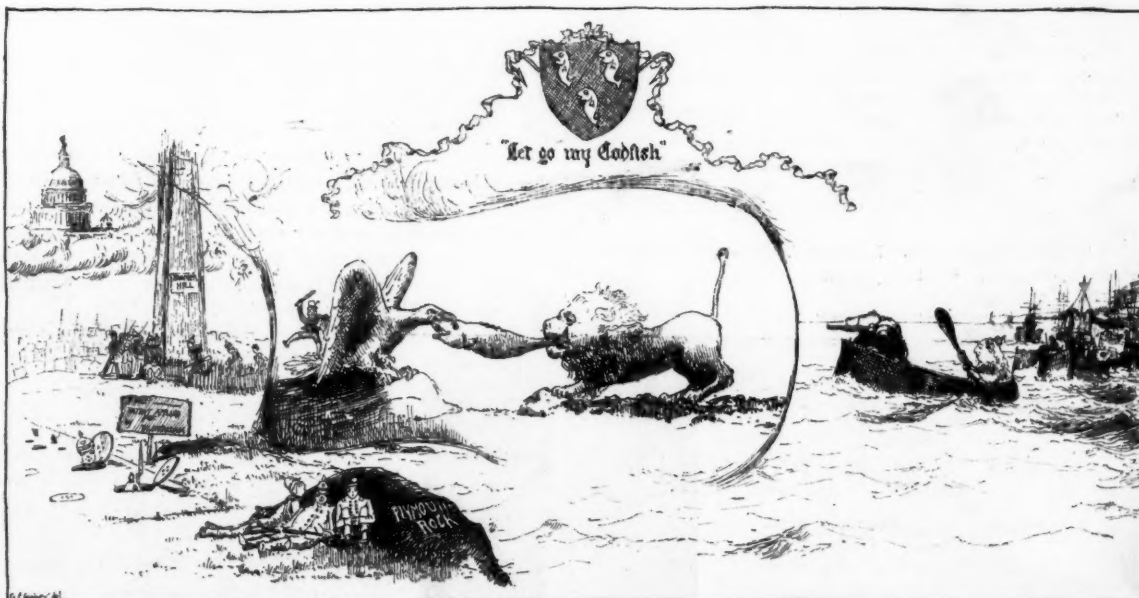
Recognizing the importance of the situation, my dear Mr. President, I seize my pen with what would seem, were the circumstances less exigent, almost pernicious agility to reply to your communication.

In the whole course of my career as the friend and counsellor to crowned and uncrowned heads such a question has never been submitted to me. It has frequently been asked, how shall I obtain a surplus? but no Potentate of my acquaintance has ever suffered from fatty degeneration of the treasury. It has therefore required considerable mental activity on my part to reach any conclusion which I could conscientiously submit to your official scrutiny.

One solution has suggested itself to my mind, however, which would materially diminish the perplexities of your situation. It is that you apply the \$100,000,000 which the Republican party has left in the Treasury for no other purpose than to add to the vexation and embarrassment of a Democratic executive, to a subscription to LIFE, for 20,000,000 years. There is an old adage that Father Time should be taken by the forelock, and among newspaper men you are probably aware there is an impression that there is no time like the present for securing your paper and avoiding such a rush as is liable at any time to set in; and, after all, twenty million years is only two hundred thousand centuries, and what is a century to the true American? The time will be up before you know it.

I enclose a stamped and directed envelope for the return of my suggestion if it be found unavailable.

The suggestion will be submitted to the Cabinet next week, when it is expected it will be adopted.



TAPESTRY RECENTLY PRESENTED TO SENATOR INGALLS BY HIS FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS IN THE AMERICAN COLONY IN CANADA, IN HONOR OF HIS GALLANT DEFENSE OF THE RIGHTS OF AMERICAN FISHY-MEN.

## LESSONS IN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR: Mr. White, you may inform us what is the subject of the lesson to-day.

MR. WHITE: We are to discuss Mr. Howells and his methods.

PROF.: Quite right. Now, will you tell me for what he is chiefly noted.

MR. W.: He writes for *The Century* and *Harper's*.

PROF.: Go on. Is that all?

MR. W.: All that I can think of just at present, sir.

PROF.: You are very stupid, Mr. White! Now, attend. You see this picture hanging on the wall. Of whom is it the portrait?

MR. W.: Of Mr. Howells.

PROF.: What do you see in this portrait?

MR. W.: I see a pair of eye-glasses and a dissecting knife.

PROF.: Very good. For what does he use the knife?

MR. W.: To dissect human nature, I suppose.

PROF.: Where does he begin?

MR. W.: At the surface.

PROF.: Where does he end?

MR. W.: At the surface, where he began.

PROF.: But does he never touch the heart?

MR. W.: Oh, no, sir! his knife is too short, it can only lacerate cuticle.

PROF.: Now, be careful, Mr. White. What can you say of Mr. Howells' critical essays?

MR. W.: They are unique in their way. For example—he has followed the "golden rule" with regard to Mr. James, and has himself improved on Dickens and Thackeray.

PROF.: Can you tell me how he has improved on them?

MR. W.: Yes, sir; by giving them his valuable advice.

PROF.: How about his essay on Mr. James?

MR. W.: Mr. James' essay on Mr. Howells will explain that more fully than I can, Professor.

PROF.: To change the subject, what can you tell us about Mr. Howells' women characters?

MR. W.: He says they are women.

PROF.: Have you never seen any exactly like them?

MR. W.: No, sir; I don't remember that I have.

PROF.: Think again. Take plenty of time, young man.

MR. W.: Yes; I believe I have, after all.

PROF.: Where did you see them?

MR. W.: At a boarding-school, where I visited my sister.

PROF.: How should Mr. Howells' women resemble the young ladies at a boarding-school?

MR. W.: Because young ladies when at school are at their silliest age.

PROF.: You will remember I instructed you to read some of our author's later work. What did you peruse?

MR. W.: Nothing.

PROF.: Then you may take your seat.

MR. W.: But, Professor, I tried.

PROF.: Well, what did you try to read?

MR. W.: "The Mouse-trap."

PROF.: And didn't succeed?

MR. W.: No, sir; it was too vast.

PROF.: The idea of it?

MR. W.: Oh, no! the idea was small enough.

PROF.: Then what was too vast?

MR. W.: The space it occupied, Professor.

PROF.: That is all. You may sit.

*Andrew F. Underhill.*

## A SURMISE.

FROM that dainty Parisian bonnet,  
With a jeweled humming-bird on it,  
Down to your tiny bottines,  
You are quite the most perfect creature  
Who ever made dressing a feature  
In the ranks of society's queens.

You look so very expensive,  
That single young men grow pensive  
In summing up what you wear.  
The wealth of ribbons and laces,  
That your willowy figure graces,  
Would cause financial despair.

I wonder, oh, triumph of fashion!  
If you won't fly into a passion,  
Should you reach heaven's gate some day,  
And find, ere you enter the portal,  
That guests of the city immortal  
All dress in the same simple way.

*Ernest De Lancey Pierson.*

## FAIR (?) HARVARD.

CERTAIN baseball worthies at Harvard have met with a rebuff. When these fierce old ladies in boys' clothing invited Yale to join them in their little scheme for monopolizing public interest in college games, they received a courteous slap in the face, which, we trust, will have a beneficial effect. Such a scheme is all very nice and select, but it savors much more of the tea-pot than the open field. There is something melancholy yet comic in this endeavor to exclude from direct competition such a college as Columbia, for instance, whose agile nine are the present champions.



GAS TRICK.

MR. HOWELLS AND OTHER BOOK-MAKERS.

MR. HOWELLS is quite too awfully realistic in his last chapters of "April Hopes." New York girls undoubtedly do pronounce bird, *boyd*, and church is without question *chuych* with them; but they do not say moibid for morbid or peyson for person. When Mr. Howells tries to write the New York girl dialect his realism becomes funerealistically ridiculous. The New York girl has her faults, Mr. Howells, principally tailor-made, and it would seem as if you might find enough in her to satirize without dipping down into that rich imagination which so many of your readers say you haven't got. If you wish to study the New York girl don't look at her through a telescope, but come hither and take a good square look at her, and then satirize her in that good, square fashion that is the only legitimate method for a man of your standing. We know your business requires you to do a certain amount of creating, but it seems rather hard that the sins of a Boston novelist's imagination should be visited upon the children of Gotham, who have already accumulated a wee bit more than their share of this world's idiosyncrasies.

"A HALF Century in Salem," by Mrs. M. C. D. Silsbee (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an interesting transcript of the personal recollections of one of the most brilliant women of that historic town. It is told in an easy, entertaining manner, and gives a graphic picture of those good old days when American life had a character of its own.

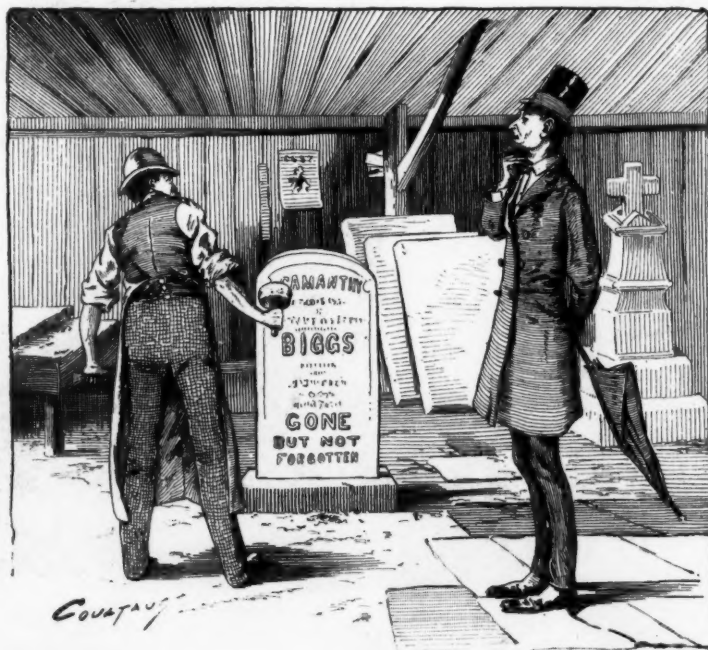
• NEW BOOKS •

*Borderland.* A Country Town Chronicle. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

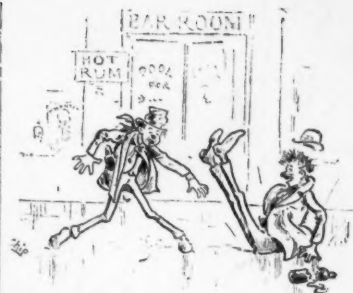
*Through the Gates of Gold.* A Fragment of Thought. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*The Comedy of Human Life.* By Honoré de Balzac. Scenes from Country Life. The Country Doctor. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*The Merry Men and other Tales and Fables,* by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



Widower: GUESS YOU'LL HEV TER CHISEL THAT LAST PART OFF 'N' PUT IN A SKULL 'N' CRCSB-BONES, ER A CHERUB ER SOMETHIN'. I'M GOIN' TER GIT MARRIED NEX' WEEK 'N' DON'T WAN' TER MAKE NO HARD FEELIN'S 'TWEEN MARIA 'N' TH' DEPARTED.



A PAIR OF TIGHT SLIPPERS.

TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

Sullivan to Gilbert.

THE name, to me, dear Gilbert, has  
Become a bloody bore.  
In want of any other thing  
I favor "Ruddygore."

Gilbert to Sullivan.

My dear Sir Arthur, your new name  
Recalls to mind a piggery.  
But ah! I have it. Happy thought!  
Let's call it the "Ruddigore."

A RAILWAY from Chicago direct to the City of Mexico is projected. With a few more additional facilities for leaving the city, life in Chicago will become bearable.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

SHE: Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands!

HE: Well, now, if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little mouth I will be satisfied.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

MINISTER (to boy who is digging for worms): Little boy don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in cases of necessity?

BOY (going on with his digging): This is a case of necessity. A feller can't go fishin' 'thout bait.

TAKES TWO TO MAKE A STARE.

WIFE: That man has been staring at me for five minutes!

HUSBAND: Well, you wouldn't have known it if you hadn't kept your eyes on him.



BEGINNING OF  
THE PULL



NN OF LENT.

HE PULL.



WHEN I heard that Gilbert and Sullivan had written another comic opera my spirits fainted within me, in the good old-fashioned biblical style, and I uttered these words: "How long, oh, public, how long?"

All this inward persiflage—if I may use the word—meant no disrespect to Gilbert and Sullivan, for the man fails to live who admires them more than I do. It simply indicated a desire to know if that peculiar plurality or singularity known as the public, intended to make a craze of the latest production and reduce the world to a condition of simply existing for "Ruddygore."

I have been answered in an undeniably forcible manner.

When the "Mikado" appeared, and separated itself from the cloud of advertisement that was the first symptom of its coming, it made an instantaneous success. For three months I was a happy man. I went to the Fifth Avenue Theatre about fifty times. I trilled "The flowers that bloom in the spring" with the best of them.

Then came a period of sultry monotony. "The flowers" became disgusting. It was even considered bad form to recognize them, and the "Mikado" came to be a thorn in the flesh. It was given when it absolutely failed to attract, and if it were billed now, an audience couldn't be drawn to the theatre by wild buffaloes.

It is very otherwise with "Ruddygore." I feel young and joyous when I think that not an organ-grinder can catch an air from that opera, however dexterous he may be, and that there is positively nothing to whistle. It will not be on the boards until we all sicken of its very name. I doubt exceedingly whether we shall ever be deluged with "Ruddygore lancers," "Ruddygore quadrilles," "Ruddygore waltzes," "Ruddygore polkas," and, worst and most trying of all "Selections from 'Ruddygore.'"

Oh, how I hate those popular "selections," and those operatic dances that make one feel so indecorously theatrical!

We shall not have Ruddygore neckties, Ruddygore handkerchiefs, Ruddygore corsets, and Ruddygore furniture. The opera will pursue an even way, and it is extremely improbable that it will last very long.

Gilbert and Sullivan's latest opera is certainly worth seeing. The very worst that firm can do, is equal to the very best any other comic opera makers can manufacture. "Ruddygore" has none of the elements of popularity that distinguished "The Mikado," "Patience," "The Pirates," and "Pinafore." Gilbert and Sullivan had evidently felt that the time of their operatic gestation was at an end, and that they must deliver themselves of a novelty. And that is exactly what they tried to do. The novelty, however, was not a very conspicuous part of the delivery.

"Ruddygore" is a very dreary sort of an opera. There are Gilbertian flashes here and there, but they are not very numerous. The plot is so involved that I wouldn't attempt to describe it, because I think I should be unsuccessful. A witch's curse seems to play a prominent part in the play, because, by its means, a chorus for a quantity of ancestors can be introduced, and a scene, more or less effective, can be shown.

Irrelevance is not like Gilbert, but "Ruddygore" is ridiculously irrelevant from the beginning to the end. Songs are introduced simply because it is felt to be time that some one should sing. There are the usual finales when the whole force of the company is present on the stage. In fact everything is too usual to be successful.

George Thorne, who as *Ko-Ko* made such a favorable impression in "The Mikado," is given an utterly foolish part in "Ruddygore"—that of *Robin Oakapple*, a young farmer. There is no rhyme or reason in this part that it is supposed to parody was the problem that kept me in misery for four hours, because I had a horrid conviction that it was supposed to parody something. Unless Gilbert cables over his intentions, however, the New York public will be blind to the merits of *Robin Oakapple*.

Miss Geraldine Ulmar, who, in "Ruddygore" is as delightfully naïve and maidenly as she was in "The Mikado," appears as *Rose Mayhew*, a village maiden, in which she interprets some quaint conceits, and sings some charming songs. The pretty duet, "What could a maiden do?" which she sings with *Robin Oakapple*, is about the only thing in the whole opera worth listening to twice. Sir Arthur Sullivan's





Ha, this is something like!



Whew! —!



Well, I'll be —! —!!

music is as weak as Gilbert's libretto, and the two together cannot make more than a suggestion of strength.

Miss Kate Forster was *Mad Margaret*. *Mad Margaret* is more recognizable as a travesty than any other character in the opera. There is in it a dash of Faust's heroine and a flavor of Mrs. Hamlet that was to be, which can be detected after some little consideration.

Courtice Pounds as *Richard Dauntless* had a sort of concert-hall part, in which he dances a hornpipe and makes some very tiring allusions to the dictates of his heart. Mr. Federici as *Sir Roderick Murgatroyd*, owing to the part, is not of very much importance. Miss Elsie Cameron is *Dame Hannah*, a mild dilution of *Lady Jane* and *Katisha*. Miss Cameron has nothing of an amusing nature to do, and beyond the reference to herself as an abducted maiden is an undoubted nuisance. Leo Kloss is *Old Adam Goodheart*, which—as it is the fashion to seek for motives in all Gilbert's ideas—is probably a burlesque on Adam in "As you Like It."

The chorus in "Ruddygore" is less conspicuous than it might effectively be. The scenery is pretty. It may be interesting to know that the uniforms in the first act represent those of the 9th Lancers, the 17th Light Dragoons, the 52d Light Infantry, the 18th Hussars and the Coldstream Guards, but such information is imparted by the programmes very much as though we had been told: "Here you may laugh." Not quite, however. Whatever emotions "Ruddygore" may inspire, laughter has no place among them.

Alan Dale.

#### NOT ENCOURAGING.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, says no man of that organization can afford to use whiskey. It seems to us strange that at the low price of that condiment his disciples cannot afford a horn now and then. He must keep them very poor.

A WASHINGTON paper says the President has not altered any in his manner since his marriage. That when he is introduced to anyone he simply shakes hands, bows, smiles, speaks a few words, and passes on. There was a rumor going round that he twisted his friend's arm, threw a back somerset, and yelled defiantly.

#### INS AND OUTS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BRIDGET (*well trained*): Be yez in or out, mum? It's the grocer?

MISTRESS: Out!

GROCER (*with bill following close*): Well, I will wait until you return.



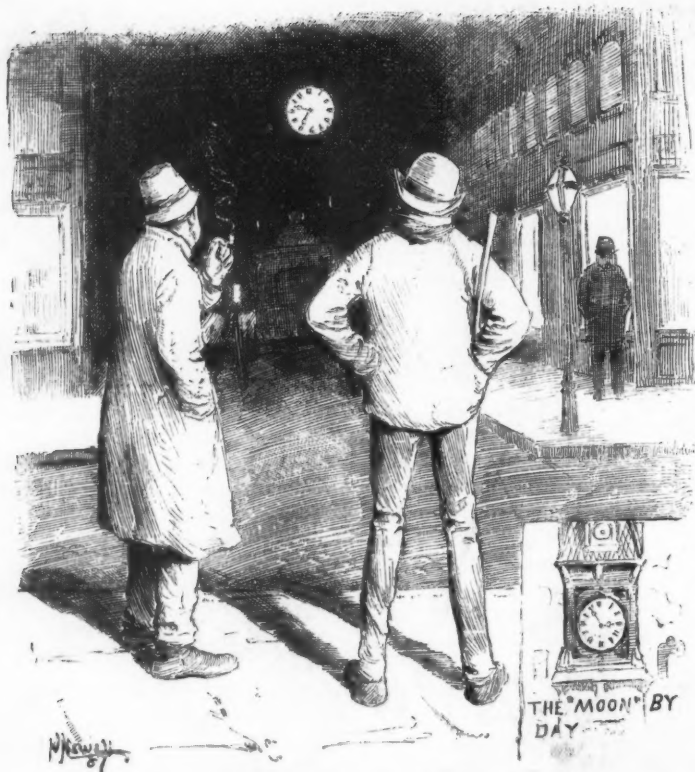
#### IN CHARLESTON.

First Lady: ISE GWINE TER CHUTCH TO TANK DE LAUD DEY AIN'T NO MO' ERFQUAKES. AIN'T YO GWINE TOO, MY SISTER?

Second Lady: NO! NO! MY SISTER, I NO GWINE! ENTY DE BRIC' CHUTCH?

First Lady: DE BRIC' CHUTCH FO' TRU', BUT DON' YO' TRUS' DE LAUD?

Second Lady: I TRUS' DE LAUD, AW MY SISTER, I TRUS' UM, BUT I NEBER FOOL WID UM.



#### A REMARKABLE PEOPLE.

*First New Arrival:* ARRAH, MICKEY, AN' THIM IMIRICANS BATE THE WURRLED FUR INVINTIONS! MURTHUR ME OVES, BUT IF THEY AIN'T GONE AN' CONSTRUCT-ED A CLOCK IN TH' MOON!

#### LITERARY ITEMS.

MR. GLADSTONE received  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \$1,250 \\ 500 \\ 350 \end{array} \right\}$  for his reply to "Locksley Hall," sixty years after. It is interesting to know this. How much Tennyson got for the poem is not made public, but anything less than ten years and a big fine is inadequate remuneration.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the *Evening Post* on the subject of spirits and beer.

One point he fails to make is that too much beer makes one lose one's spirits, while an over indulgence in spirits is only too likely to result in a premature bier.

#### ROUGH ON MUAY.

WHILE strolling along on the quay,  
A maiden I happened to suay;  
So as she came nigh  
I winked my right eigh,  
Which caused the coy damsel to fluay.

#### A PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

BRIDE: You know, Charley dear, I am so practical. I know all about house-keeping. Mamma says I am to go to Brown's for meat, and to Jones's for vegetables; of course groceries and that sort of thing I get at Tiffany's.

Horror and despair depicted on the face of young husband.

THE Knights of Labor should be given arrest.

SPAIN has a cruiser that runs over the water at the rate of twenty-seven and a-half miles per hour.

Our Secretary of the Navy should purchase a vessel of this sort for our approaching war. It would help us to get away with colors flying.

#### A WELL-FED ANIMAL.

NEW BOARDER: Nice cat — awful fat, ain't it?

LANDLADY: Yes. It eats up all the boarders can't eat.

NEW BOARDER: Ah, that accounts for it!

#### MOTTOES FOR THE MILLION.

THE better the day, the better the dude.

THERE is no cash in last year's vest.

IT is a large foot that wears a 13 shoe.

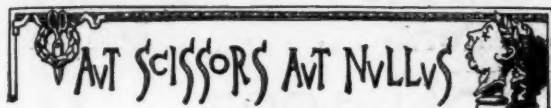
MEN, like bottles, should be corked when full.



#### INSPIRATION.

*Farmer:* TO THINK OF OUR LAST COW BEIN' LEFT OUT AND FROZE STIFF!

*Wife:* I TELL YER WHAT WE KIN DO; KEEP HER TILL SUMMER AND SELL HER TO THE BOARDERS FOR ICE-CREAM.



AN EGREGIOUS ERROR.

"I would make Boston a suburb of glory."—*Sam Jones.*

MAKE Boston a suburb of glory,  
Sam Jones?  
Do you know what such sacrilege means?  
I fear you have not read the story,  
Sam Jones,  
Of that city of culture and beans.  
You are sailing through breakers and rocks,  
Sam Jones;  
A dangerous sea you are tossed on:  
Hereafter be sure in your talks,  
Sam Jones,  
To make glory a suburb of Boston.

—*Tid-Bits.*

"CHESTNUTS!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones, "if you don't get what you want, ask for it."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

EASTERN RAILWAY SUPERINTENDENT: "Some delay up the road, I hear?" TELEGRAPH OPERATOR: "Yes, two passenger trains going at the rate of sixty miles an hour came together at Cliff Crossing!" "Cliff Crossing? There is a big embankment at that point." "Yes, both trains went over the precipice." "Well, it won't take long to get the track cleared, then. I was afraid it might be something serious."—*Omaha World.*

PROFESSOR THOMSON, of Cambridge, hit his class very neatly when he observed some of them smiling at a slight inadvertence of his own. "Gentlemen," said he, "let us remember that we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."—*New York Ledger.*

"I DON'T mind giving up my neckties before they're half worn out," said a society young man yesterday, "because they look pretty in crazy quilts, but I'm going to draw the line on my married lady friends hereafter." "Why," asked a friend. "The last lot of scarfs I gave to Mrs. —, her husband has been wearing ever since."—*Buffalo Courier.*

THERE is to be an Exhibition of Orchids at the Eden Musee for one week, beginning March 1st, and, to quote the projectors of the enterprise: "This display promises to be something unusually superb and interesting, surpassing as it will in many respects all former floral exhibitions, as it will be entirely an *Orchid Show*, and will embrace some five hundred distinct varieties of the most wonderful and interesting species of plants and flowers, natives of all the various tropical countries; thousands of the most beautiful fantastic blossoms will be exhibited, together with their mode of growth and habitation."

"COME in, my poor man," said a benevolent lady to a ragged tramp, "and I will get you something to eat." "Thanky, mum; don't care if I do." "I suppose," continued the lady, setting a square meal before him, "your life has been full of trials?" "Yis, mum; an' the wust of it wuz, I allus got convicted."—*Judge.*

SPECIAL BY CABLE.

"THE Queen will be glad when the Jubilee-year closes. Among other forms of annoyance is the pertinacity with which tradesmen send advertising presents. One of the most singular of these is a *garment* that plays 'God Save the Queen' when the wearer sits down."—*Extract English Paper.*

Her Majesty's confidence in Redfern "ideas" remains, however, unimpaired.

## PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

"The Ladies' Favorite," for all toilet cleansing and purifying purposes; for preventing chapping, chafing, comedones, or "flesh-worms," and other skin affections; for curing dandruff (which if left to continue, causes baldness); for correcting the injurious effects of cosmetics; and for washing the delicate skin of infants.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

Don't forget the name.

**Cibils** **BEEF**  
**EXTRACTS**

**Delicious! Nutritious!**  
**Absolutely Pure!**  
The Cibils Company, New York.

NONE should FAIL to examine the merits of the

### IMPERIAL BURNER,

which gives the most brilliant and perfect light produced by any Lamp known.

On exhibition, lighted, in a selection of Lamps specially imported this season by

**BENNETT B. SCHNEIDER,**  
37 Park Place, New York.

The best satisfaction guaranteed, or you can have your money returned.

TRA QUALITE  
**DUNLAP & Co**  
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CELEBRATED HATS

AND  
LADIES' ROUND HATS.  
178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.,  
and 181 Broadway, near Cortland St.,  
NEW YORK.  
Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.



**KRAKAUER**  
LADIES' TAILOR,  
Habit Maker and Hatter,  
19 East 21st Street, New York,  
Also LONDON and NEWPORT,



SOLICITS an inspection from his Lady Patrons of his novelties for GOWNS, COATS, ULSTERS, etc., for the ensuing season, imported from the leading houses in Europe. Ladies who favor me with their patronage can be assured that my establishment will, as heretofore, sustain its reputation for taste, style, workmanship and perfect fit.

All mail orders promptly attended to. A perfect fit guaranteed without personal attendance.

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26 SELECTED PENS  
SENT FOR TRIAL,  
POST PAID,  
TWENTY-FIVE CTS.

STEEL PENS  
Are the Best.

Ivison, Blakeman & Co.  
753 & 755 Broadway,  
NEW YORK.

## CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.

· LIFE ·

# REDFERN

Ladies' Tailor.

## SPRING SEASON, 1887.

The Messrs. REDFERN have the honor to announce to their Lady patrons that they are now prepared to show their

**ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR GOWNS AND COATS**

for the ensuing Season. These will be found in every respect worthy of the reputation of the *Maison REDFERN*.

A large consignment of **New Cloths**, mainly from Styles and Colorings supplied by the Messrs. REDFERN, have just been received from the most eminent English and Scotch manufacturers.

**210 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.**



**IN Peace prepare for War!**

GUARD AGAINST THE SUDDEN  
CHANGES PREVALENT NOW, BY  
USING

**FRED. BROWN'S  
GINGER \* \***

WITH HOT WATER AND SUGAR.

**BEAUTY** Wrinkles, Black-Heads,  
Pimples, Freckles, Pittings,  
Moles and Superfluous Hair  
permanently removed.  
Flesh increased or reduced.  
Complexions beautified. The  
Form developed. Hair, Brows and  
Lashes colored and restored. Interest-  
ing Book and (testimonials sent sealed), 4c.  
**Madame Velaro**, 249 W. 23d St., N. Y. City.  
Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

**YOU CAN'T AFFORD  
TO LET  
YOUR CUSTOMERS  
GO TO  
ANOTHER  
STORE  
FOR WHAT  
THEY WANT  
EVERYBODY  
WANTS  
THE GENUINE  
ARTICLE  
NO SHOR-  
TMEASURE  
NO HUMBUG  
IN GLUES  
MADE BY THE  
RUSSIA CO.**

**THE STRONGEST  
GLUE  
IN THE WORLD.  
TWO GOLD MEDALS  
1883  
RUSSIA CO.**

**TO LIVE  
WITHOUT  
LEPAGE'S  
LIQUID GLUE  
IN THE HOUSE  
FOR REPAIRING  
YOUR  
FURNITURE,  
GLASS,  
CHINA,  
IVORY,  
BOOKS,  
LEATHER,  
MUSICAL  
INSTRUMENTS,  
STATUARY,  
Etc., Etc.  
HAS NO EQUAL  
TRY IT**

To injurious tight lacing many of the ills of suffering womanhood is, with truth, attributable; yet, many society leaders owe their recent noticeable improved form to the skill of a corsetière who makes the systematic graduation of stays her peculiar study. The accuracy with which she fits, contributes comfort, and, by her system of gradually readjusting superfluous flesh, reduces redundancy, lengthens the waist, and prepares for the modiste the correct-shaped and flexible frame upon which to build the outer dress. Miss T. T. SCHMIDT, of No. 274 Sixth Avenue, receives the distinction of accomplishing all that the above indicates, and her numerous patrons pronounce her corsets the acme of perfection, comfort and elegance.

**TOBOGGANING.**

The most fascinating of Winter Sports. Use the celebrated PROCTOR TOBOGGAN, which for strength, finish and speed excels all others. Discount to clubs. Send for circular.

**NEW YORK BICYCLE CO. AGENTS,  
38 Park Place.**



**KIMBALL'S SATIN  
Straight Cut Cigarettes.**

People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 100, 200, 500, and 1000. 14 Prize Medals.

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.**

**"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."  
THE ONLY**

## GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

**HAUTERIVE** } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys,  
AND } &c., &c.  
**CELESTINS** }

**GRANDE GRILLE** — Diseases of the Liver.

**HOPITAL** — Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.

## A POTENT REMEDY FOR

Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent to us the most **FLATTERING** OPINIONS upon **DIGESTYLIN**, as a **REMEDY** for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the **DIGESTIVE FERMENTS** expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year **DIGESTYLIN** has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent.

**KIDDER'S  
DIGESTYLIN  
FOR  
INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA**

It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great **DIGESTIVE POWER** is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS** of the country, and **PHYSICIANS** generally. Sold by Druggists, or

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Price \$1.00.

Special Sale during the week.

600 Pairs

Madras and Crete Curtains.

\$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 per pair.  
Reduced from \$7.50, \$11.00, \$15.00.

500 Pairs Guipure Curtains.

Per Pair: \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.  
Formerly \$3.50, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$8.50.

An early inspection will insure Great Bargains.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,  
Broadway and 11th St.

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Open from 11 to 11. Sundays 1 to 11.  
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MUNCZI LAJOS  
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ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.  
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PAJAMAS AND

UNDERWEAR.

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is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful Flesh Reducer—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. NO POISON. ADIPO-MALENE never fails to permanently develop the Bust and Form. Non-injurious. BEAUTY of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our Toilet Requisites. Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars etc., by Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichestor Chemical Co., 2316 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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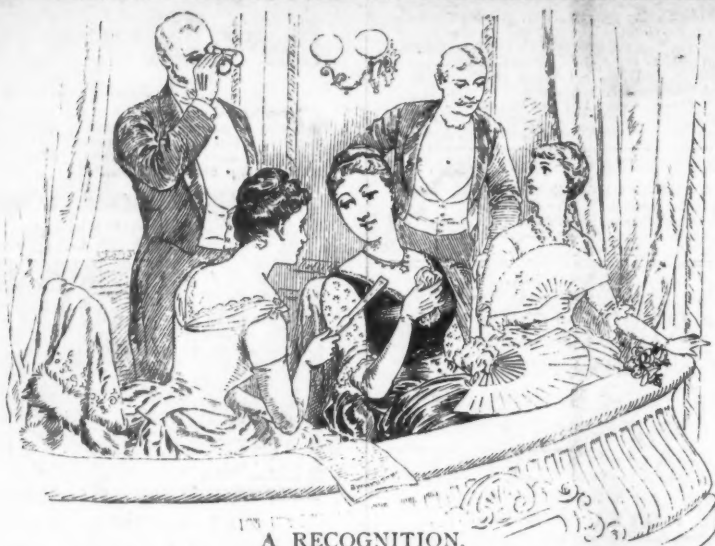
to a gentleman who shaves. Obtain it of your Druggist, or send 25 cents in stamps to

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